**Her** voice, low and harsh like a thousand growling hellhounds, cut slowly, “Betty White?” **She** waited for a response but Death suddenly became deeply interested in the intricacies of his scythe’s wooden handle. **She** cleared her throat and stepped deliberately in front of Death, “Betty White, I said…Ring any bells?”

 Death, looked up, his shadowy hood delicately framing his skeletal face. “Who?”, his voice, like wind whistling between flint rocks was thin and high. He could tell he was in trouble, which was his least favorite place to be.[[1]](#footnote-1)

 “Betty. White.” **Her** voice boomed, calling forth the parchment scroll from inside Death’s billowing cloak. The scroll, floating between the two, snapped open revealing a long list of names, a random assortment of which were crossed out. Betty White’s name, conspicuously untouched, lay in the middle of the lot.

 Death’s voice, a notch higher than usual, queried, “Oh, was she on the list today?” he tapped his two index finger bones together, the light clacking a metronome of anxiety.

 “Can you please just admit it.” **she** said, **her** booming voice brimming with exasperation. It had been a millennia of fuck ups at that point- the downside of keeping the same staff from before time began.

 Death shifted uneasily, his bones rattling as he did. “I’m …*in* *love* with Betty White?” his skull cocked to the side to see how his words would land.

 “What? No!” **She** bellowed, “You can’t read! Just admit you can’t read!”

 Death pushed his skull back and crossed his arm bones, looking far into the distance. “I can too read.”

 “Death, I’ve been watching you for months. You take people randomly and see if their names get crossed out after!”

 Death, arms still crossed, pouted “I’m in love with Betty White.”

1. His favorite place was Boca Raton. Death loved to scuba. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)